

BREATHITT COUNTY NEWS.

J. WISE HAGINS, Editor and Publisher

A NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF EASTERN KENTUCKY.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Volume IV.

Jackson, Kentucky, Friday, September 1, 1905.

Number 46.

TO ADVERTISERS.

We will accept advertisements on guarantee that our paper has more than twice the circulation in Breathitt County of any paper published. Our paper goes to every post office in Perry County and almost every one in Lee, Magoffin, Owsley, Wolfe and Knott Counties.

If you want to reach the mountain trade, try an ad in the BREATHITT COUNTY NEWS.

MASS CONVENTION SEPT. 9

To Nominate Candidates for the County Offices.

The Republicans of Breathitt county are hereby called to meet in mass convention at the court house in the town of Jackson, on Saturday, September 9th, 1905, at one o'clock p.m., for the purpose of nominating candidates for the various county offices of Breathitt county to be voted for at the November election, 1905.

All Democrats, young men becoming of age before said election, and voters of other parties who do not affiliate with us on party lines, but who are in favor of a free ballot and a fair count, an honest and economical administration of county affairs, equal rights to all and exclusive privileges to none, a fair deal to every man, and the redemption of Breathitt county are hereby invited to attend and help us select a ticket to be composed of the best men of the county without regard to partisan politics and will best subserve the interests of the oppressed people of Breathitt county. By order of the Committee, This August 17th, 1905.
J. B. McLEW,
Chairman B. C. R. C.
KELLY KAST, Secretary.

Cures Blood Poison, Cancer, Ulcers.

If you have offensive pimples or eruptions, ulcers on any part of the body, aching bones or joints, falling hair, numerous patches, swollen glands, skin rashes and burns, sore lips and gums, gaping, festering sores, sharp growing pains, then you suffer from serious blood poison at the beginning of a deadly cancer. You may be permanently cured by taking Roland Blood Balm (B. B. B.) made especially to cure the worst blood and skin diseases. Heals every sore or ulcer, even deadly cancer, stops all aches and pains and cures all swellings. Roland Blood Balm cures all malignant blood troubles, such as eczema, rash and sores, pimples, running sores, carbuncles, seroful. Pragging \$1. To prove it, cut a sample of Balm and send and prepay by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Deserve trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

To the Voters of Magisterial District No. 1, Breathitt County:
After continuous solicitations by my many friends, I have been induced to announce myself a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace for said district. I am quite sure all or most of you have met me either socially or in business transaction, which is sufficient for you to judge of my ability to serve you if elected. Therefore, I most earnestly solicit your support. Yours very truly,
H. F. DAVIS.

Always Successful.

When indigestion becomes chronic it is dangerous. Kodol Hypoactive Cure cures indigestion and all troubles resulting therefrom thus preventing martyrdom of the stomach. Dr. Newburgh in League, W. Va., says: "To those suffering from indigestion or sour stomach I would say there is no better remedy than Kodol Hypoactive Cure. I have prescribed it for a number of my patients with good success." Kodol Hypoactive Cure digests what you eat and makes your stomach sweet. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

NOTICE TO VOTERS.

To the Voters of Magisterial District No. 8:

I am a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace for Elliottville precinct. I desire the support of each and all of the citizens of said precinct. I have been solicited by many of my neighbors and friends to make this race, and, if elected, I will serve them to the best of my ability. I am thirty years old and have never before asked any of my friends to vote for me for any office, and hope that I am not asking too much of them in asking their support at this time. Hoping you will give me a just and fair consideration, I remain, yours respectfully,
JOSEPH LOVELY.

BAND OF IGORROTES

Curious Philippine Dogeaters, Made Famous at St. Louis, Secured for Big Kentucky State Fair.

Probably the most important attraction that has been or could be secured for the coming Kentucky State Fair is the famous band of Igorrotes, the dog-eating tribe from the Philippines, which was the center of interest of the entire St. Louis World's Fair last year. It has only been possible to secure this curious and unique band at heavy expense and much effort, and the management of the Fair is certainly to be congratulated upon having added something that will appeal in an education and entertaining way to all who attend.

While the Igorrote Village is probably the most prominent and best of the attractions, it is but one of a dozen. There will be the splendid Buckskin Ban's Wild West Show; there will be a band of holy athletes, unsurpassed; there will be a Coliseum, a Turkish Theater, a Reptile Den, an Arcade, a Phantom Show with a brass band accompaniment, the Girl in the Moon, Nemo, Platform Show, a Chamberlain Ferris Wheel and various other attractions. This will comprise the greatest group of novelties ever offered by a Fair in the South and even for this, aside from the magnificent display of live stock and excellent racing and the other features which come under the regular head of fairs, it will be worth a trip to Lexington to see.

Another thing, however, which should not be overlooked is the splendid Duss Band of 45 pieces which will give daily concerts throughout the Fair week. This band is today the best and most famous band in America.

No Unpleasant Effect.

If you ever took DeWitt's Little Early Risers for biliousness and constipation you know what pill pleasure it is. These gentle little pills cleanse the liver and rid the system of all bile without producing unpleasant effects, just as the Prince Adam Shook, New Lisbon, Ind., says: "Some three years ago I had a spell of grip and felt outside and I happened to get a trial box of DeWitt's Little Early Risers and they gave me strength and muscle. They do not gripe or make you feel sick. Sold by Jackson Drug Co."

FOR REPRESENTATIVE.

I am a candidate for Representative of the counties of Breathitt, Magoffin and Lee, subject to the Democratic convention, or what action they may take. I am a Democrat of the old school, served four years in the Confederate army, have voted the straight Democratic ticket for 47 years, stood by all the nominees of the party, so I feel liberty and believe that I have the right to ask the party to send me to the Legislature, where I can continue to do the party good, as I have always been loyal to the party, also of my relatives before me. So I hope the people will consider my right to call upon them and the one interest in which I pledge myself to look after.

Cured of Lame Back After 15 Years of Suffering.

"I had been troubled with lame back for 15 years and I found a complete recovery in the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm," says John G. Fisher Gilliam, Ind. This liniment is also without equal for sprains and bruises. It is for sale by the Jackson Drug Co.

A Poultry Mill.

Mary's father was minkin the experiment of raising chickens with an incubator in his barn. The neighbors were much interested in this experiment, and, meeting Mary, one of them asked, "Mary, have you any little chickens at your house yet?"

"No, but we're makin' some," replied the little maiden.—Lippincott's Magazine.

The City of 10.

A certain lady of wealth living in the north of Ireland was recovering from a serious illness and one morning called for an egg, which she ate with much enjoyment. As she passed back the cup and saucer to her nurse she said, "An egg is a delicious thing." Then, with much mirthfully, "What a pity," she added, "it is so common among the poor."—London Globe.

A Remedy Without a Peer.

"I find Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets more beneficial than any other remedy I ever used for stomach trouble," says J. P. Klute, of Edina, Mo. For any disorder of the stomach, biliousness or constipation, these Tablets are without a peer. For sale by Jackson Drug Co.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy Aids Nature.

Medicines that aid nature are always most effective. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy acts on this plan. It silences the cough, relieves the lungs aids expectoration, opens the secretions and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

THREE JURORS CURED

Of Cholera Morbus with One Small Bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Mr. G. W. Fowler of Hightower, Ala., relates an experience he had while serving on a petit jury in a murder case at Edwardsville, county seat of Cleburne county, Ala., the says: "While there I ate some fresh meat and it gave me cholera morbus in a very severe form. I was never more sick in my life and sent a trading store for a certain cholera mixture, but the druggist sent me a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy instead, saying that his was so much better he would rather sell it to me in the first place. I took a dose of it and was better in five minutes. The second dose cured me entirely. Two fellow jurors were afflicted in the same manner and one small bottle cured the three of us." For sale by Jackson Drug Co.

CINCINNATI MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, Aug. 30. Cattle: Market druggy and slow. Common stock 10 to 15c lower.

Good to choice butchers steers \$4.25 to 4.65; common to fair \$3.00 to 4.00; heifers good to choice \$3.40 to 3.90; common to fair \$2.00 to 3.25; cows common to fair \$1.00 to 2.25; oxen \$1.75 to 2.15.

Calves: Common and large \$3.60 to 5.00; good to light \$6.00 to 7.00.

Hogs: Prices steady.

Good to choice packers, \$6.30; common to choice heavy fat sows, \$4.75 to \$5.75; light shippers, \$6.00 to 6.35; pigs 110 pounds and less \$2.25 to 3.60.

Sheep, good to choice, \$4.00 to 4.30; common to fair \$2.75 to 3.40.

Lambs, common to fair, \$4.50 to 5.75.

Stricken Hidden Rocks.

When your ship of health strikes the hidden rocks of Consumption, Pneumonia, etc., you are lost. If you don't get help from Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, J. W. McKinnon, Talladega Springs, Ala., writes: "I had been very ill with pneumonia, under the care of two doctors, but getting no better when I began taking Dr. King's New Discovery. The first dose gave relief and one bottle cured me." Sure cure for sore throat, bronchitis, coughs and colds. Unpackaged at the Jackson Drug Co. price 50¢ and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

Honey in the Heart.

In ancient Egypt honey was employed in an embalming material, and in the east to this day it is largely used for the preservation of fruit and the making of cakes, sweetmeats and other articles of food. In India a host will offer to his guest a dish composed of honey and milk or of equal parts of curds, honey and clarified butter. It is given to a bridegroom on his arrival at the door of the bride's father. In the east, v. 2, when grafts, seeds and birds' eggs are to be transported a great deal, see they are often packed in honey.

Men Past 60 in Danger.

More than half of mankind over 60 years suffer from kidney and bladder disorders, usually enlargement of prostate gland. This is both painful and dangerous, and Foley's Kidney Cure should be taken at the first sign of danger, as it corrects irregularities and has cured many instances of this disease. Mr. Hulding Burnett, Rock Port, Mo., writes: "I suffered with enlarged prostate gland and kidney trouble for years and after taking two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure I feel sooner or later to be present to the end. It would seek to avoid."—Dr. James Goodheart of London.

One Way to Win Sleep.

A writer in a medical journal suggests a new way of juggling with insomnia. His sleep inducer is a chain of mangle words so associated in sound or meaning that each suggests the next subsequent—for instance, bee, slippery; smooth, rough; rattan, tramp, etc. When sleep is coy recite the list mentally. This is said to be a sure cure to keep the mind from rambling from subject to subject, as the mind tends to do in sleeplessness.

Another Victim.

"Poor Mrs. Hoover suffers terribly from the liquor habit," said Mrs. Gallo. "How is that?" inquired Mrs. Chisholm, scolding gossip.

"When her husband comes home at night it is he is too far gone to pay attention to her remonstrances and the next morning he has such a headache he can't listen to her."—Portland Telegram.

Dr. Flint's Testimony Interesting.

Dr. Thomas Flint, of Bonnshoro, Mo., who has practiced medicine for 32 years says he has used every prescription known to the profession for treatment of kidney and bladder diseases, and says he has never found anything so effective in both chronic and acute kidney and bladder trouble as Foley's Kidney Cure. It stops irregularities and builds up the whole system. Jackson Drug Co.

A Theory.

"Why don't sailors say 'right' and 'left' instead of starboard and port?"

"Oh, I don't know. I suppose they hate to make things too easy for landlubbers."

It is a fine thing to know when to let go. Many a man holds on too long. It is better to jump overboard than to go down with the sinking ship.

Startling Mortality.

Statistics show startling mortality, from appendicitis and peritonitis. To prevent and cure these awful diseases there is just one reliable remedy, Dr. King's New Life Pills. M. Flannery, of 14 Custom House Place, Chicago, says:

"They have no equal for constipation and biliousness." 25¢ at Jackson Drug Co.

Clean Spectacles.

Oculists will agree that many persons who wear spectacles, although the lenses may be perfectly adapted to the needs of the eye, suffer much inconvenience and possibly ultimate damage simply through not keeping their glasses clean. Students and writers, lawyers and clergymen, business men and school children who use glasses rarely keep them clean, and from their cloudy and grimy state serious injury results to the eyesight. The glasses should be frequently cleaned with alcohol, which is preferable to water, and either tissue paper or clean cotton balls. Jackson Drug Co.

Now They Don't Speak.

Clara—1 always tells my real age. Estelle—Well, you can afford to. You see, you're not as old as you look.

Detroit Free Press.

Probability.

"Kind words cost nothing."

"Exactly. I think some folks distribute them freely on that account."

Numerous and Worthless.

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago discovered some years ago how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for piles. For blisters, bleeding, itching and pruritic piles, eczema, urticaria, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. Sold by Jackson Drug Co.

One Bottle of Smith's Kidney and Nerve Tonic Cured Marion Hall of a Weak Back.

It was so bad that he couldn't get up when he sat down without being in continuous rack of misery for at least one hour. Sold by S. H. Stidham & Son, Jackson, Ky. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Very Low Rates to West and Southwest via Southern Railway.

Low round trip rates every first and third Tuesday in each month.

Trains daily between Lexington and St. Louis, change of cars—Free Rounding Charge.

Only one change of cars between Lexington and the West, via SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Write for information, T. W. Crews, T. P. A., 111 east Main street, Lexington, Ky.



Some pianos, like some good people, will stand a few meetings, but do not wear well. There are others which will become true and tried friends. Such an instrument is the

Valley Gem PIANO

It pleases, it entertains, it helps, it instructs, it says in the most beautiful way what we feel and what moves our hearts. It is a true and tried friend in thousands of homes. It will not cost you anything to learn how little it costs to buy a piano and how easy we make the payments.

Call on or address,

J. T. GEVEDON,
CANEY, KY.,
or D. H. BALDWIN & CO.
CINCINNATI, OH.

FOUND.

John W. Bear had a pain in his back for about five years and it finally became so great that he could not work and, in fact, could not walk at times. Several physicians failed to cure him, but he found a remedy, it was Smith's Kidney and Nerve Tonic. For sale by S. H. Stidham & Son, Jackson, Ky.

JUST RECEIVED FURNITURE.



I have just returned from Cincinnati where I have been buying

THE BEST LINE OF FURNITURE
ever brought to Jackson, consisting of
Heavy Bed Room Sets,
Large Extension Tables,

Kitchen Cabinets, Wardrobes,
Rocking Chairs, Center Tables,
and various other articles too numerous to mention.

Come and Look at These Goods Now
DON'T PUT IT OFF.

If you do, you will be sorry, for some one else will get the very pieces you want.

The Breathitt News.

J. WISE HAGINS, Editor.

Friday, September 1, 1905

G. W. FLEENOR A. H. PATTON
FLEENOR & PATTON
LAWYERS,
JACKSON, KENTUCKY.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

FOR ASSESSOR.

We are authorized to announce
JOHN L. STRONG
as a candidate for Assessor of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR SHERIFF.

I am a candidate for Sheriff of Breathitt County at the coming November election.
BRECK CRAWFORD
Cape Branch, Ky.

FOR JAILER.

We are authorized to announce
LEWIS GROSS,
of Elizatown, as a candidate for the office of Jailer of Breathitt county, subject to the action of the Republican party.

We are authorized to announce
S. B. MINIX

as a candidate for Jailer, subject to the action of the Republican party.

FOR COUNTY ATTORNEY.

We are authorized to announce
L. C. BAUER
as a candidate for County Attorney of Breathitt county at the November election, 1905.

FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

We are authorized to announce
MIKE ROBINSON
as a candidate for Justice of the Peace for Magisterial district No. 1, subject to the action of the Republican party.

Redeem Breathitt county first, then look after politics afterward.

The issue this fall is not politics but the redemption of Breathitt county.

You can not hope for a betterment of the conditions of Breathitt county if you vote for the men who brought about its present condition.

Come to town on the 9th and help nominate a ticket that you can vote for without buying to make apologies to your wife and children.

"If the Republican party of this county desires to do the proper thing, it should extend a pressing invitation to the Democrats to attend its funeral in November." Hustler.

There have already been too many funerals for the good of the county, or those responsible for them. Let us have no more premature funerals like those of Dr. Cox, James Cockrell, or James B. Muream.

Ties Wanted.
I want to buy 50,000 ties on the Kentucky river and its tributaries above Jackson. For particulars call on or address me at Jackson, Ky. M. S. CRAVEN.

STRAYED.

On the night of August 22nd a brown mare, 15½ hands high, with two white hind feet, one of them sore, probably caused by a wire, strayed to my pasture on Quick sand. Owner can have said mare by proving property and paying all charges. BRUCE CARPENTER.

A. A. Allen and Sam Noble, of Noble, were here during the week.

John D. Reed has been appointed postmaster at Netty, Magoffin county.

J. R. Blake has fitted up a five and ten cent window in his store. Every article a bargain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PRIMROSE.

Mrs. G. W. Robinson is visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Heironymous, and expects to visit her sister, Mrs. E. C. Hyden, of Elizatown, before she returns.

A two days meeting was held in the grove near the Hieronymous farm, August 26 and 27. A large crowd was in attendance and all seemed to enjoy the meeting. The services were conducted by J. B. Pendergrass and others. Dinner was served on the ground and good order prevailed. A good impression was made and many pledged to lead better lives.

Noah Lucas and Miss Ethel Hobbs were married last Wednesday evening at the home of the

bride's father, Rev. R. T. Moores pronouncing the ceremony. A pleasant crowd of neighbors and friends witnessed the occasion and all were partakers of a beautiful supper, after which the older part of the crowd retired to their respective homes, leaving a jolly party of young folks to spend the evening and their best wishes for the bright young couple. As hand in hand down life they go.

To meet the squadrons of the foe, May they so trust in God and fight Against all wrongs and for the right,

That when the strife on earth is done

They'll wear together the crown they've won. HOOKER.

STACY.

Hays & Campbell are opening up a nice line of general merchandise.

John D. Oliver, of Avawau, was here visiting his brother, who is teaching school at this place.

John L. Combs stepped on a piece of glass some time ago, which gave him a serious wound, but he is now on the mend.

L. Stacy and Harry Williams, of this county, passed here Tuesday on their way home from where they had served three years in the U. S. army.

TERRY.

Mrs. Miles Terry and son, Ike, are visiting Dorn Morgan at Hyden.

John Callahan, of Crockettsville, attended church at the Short graveyard.

George and Miss Ellen Griffith, of Wharf, spent Saturday with Miss Cappie Terry.

Miss May Day, accompanied by Miss Emma Crawford, of Jackson, attended church Sunday at the Short graveyard on Turkey Creek.

Mrs. Simon McIntosh entertained Sunday at dinner. Among those present were Lillian, Ruth, and Cappie Terry, Mary Whisman, Ellen Bailey, Lizzie Collier, Sam and Stephen Little, Jim Gibbard, Mat Hollon, Joe and Ike Terry, Ed McIntosh and Richard Herald.

See J. R. Blake's 10¢ window. The bargains will surprise you.

CROCKETTSVILLE.

Mrs. Lee Bowling and son, Willie, have been visiting at Ellsworth.

There will be preaching every third Sunday at the school house by Rev. Clair.

George Denton and wife visited the latter's sister, Mrs. Josh Atkinson, at Wharton Sunday.

Misses Eliza and Dora Bowling and Lillian and Willie Callahan attended church at Wharton.

J. L. Moore, of Jackson, and W. M. Belcher, of Cane Creek, visited the family of Geo. Belcher this week.

Robert Riley and Sarah Deaton were married last Sunday at the home of the bride's parents, Rev. Clair officiating.

Berry Turner has gone to Booneville to visit Dr. Rose, formerly of this place, who ill from typhoid fever and is not expected to live.

The citizens are discussing with interest the future of the people of Breathitt. It seems as if some supernatural rays have shed some harmonizing influence on, or in the minds, of the people. They are almost of one mind—all claim Beck Crawford the next Sheriff. Much is being said all over the county regarding candidates for judge, jailer, county attorney, and the other offices. A very large majority of the people of Crockettsville are anxiously waiting to hear of some one spoken of to represent the above mentioned offices in the county, as honesty has always been the best policy. The people are for an honest election next November. The people of Crockettsville are anxious that William Amis become a candidate for Justice of the Peace.

G. D. Plummer receives fresh bread daily from the bakery.

LEE CITY.

The recent high water overflowed the low land and caused a considerable damage to crops, trunks and railroad trestles.

Price Cole, assistant postmaster at this place, is talking of moving to Cumpton to go into the mercantile business. Price is a good business man.

John and Isaac Miller have gone into the goods business. They rented the C. B. Allen store house for goods and the C. L. Terrill feed house for feed.

John Burnett, of Trent Fork, is running a log job for C. L. Terrill on Frozen Creek. He says he trammed 200,000 feet of logs to Terrill's mill during the month of August.

C. B. Allen is rebuilding the old tram road on Trent for the purpose of moving his logs and lumber. Mr. Allen has an extra fine crop on the farm he purchased of R. F. Anderson on Trent Fork.

NED
Hosanna Miller has returned from a visit to his grandmother at Lee City.

Allison Miller, of Perry county, visited his father Saturday. He says he wants to be Justice of the Peace of Perry. We think he is the right man for the place and Perry should give him just consideration.

TURKEY.

Miss Pruda Allen was at Turkey Saturday shopping.

B. E. Candill is working at the carpenter's trade this fall.

Mrs. Ellen Terry, of Wolfe, has been visiting Mrs. Lourainie Terry.

L. M. Wise and wife visited relatives on Cane Creek Sunday.

Misses Lillia and Ruth Terry attended church at Big Turkey Sunday.

Our school is progressing very nicely. Thomas J. Terry is the teacher.

Arthur Johnson, who has had an attack of pneumonia, is improving very fast.

Luther Little's infant daughter was accidentally burned very seriously a few days since.

Joe Terry, who has been visiting his father for the past week, returned to Canoe Saturday.

Edward McIntosh, Steve and Sam Little, of Canoe, were the guests of J. Terry Saturday night.

Misses Mary Whisman and Ellen Bailey were the pleasant guests of Misses Lillia and Ruth Terry Sunday evening.

Mrs. E. F. Terry and daughter, Ruth, who have been visiting relatives at Booneville, Welchburg, Annville and other points have returned home.

G. D. Plummer keeps the best breakfast bacon and ham.

COPE BRANCH.

Emey Hacker has returned from a visit to Leslie county.

Dick Jennings, of Oakdale, has gone to Clay county on a visit.

Breck Crawford had the misfortune to lose a fine horse last week.

There will be baptizing at the month of Jett's Creek Saturday.

Mrs. Elvira Denton, who is in the hospital at Lexington, is improving slowly.

Miss May Day and her guest, Miss Emma Crawford, of Jackson, visited Miss Ellen Griffith, of Turkey Creek.

James H. Johnson and Miss Minnie Short, both of Jett's Creek, were married at the home of the bride last week.

Unknown parties broke several window lights out of the store at Oakdale Saturday night while the clerk was at supper.

Charles Guy, formerly of Athol, has moved to Meadow Creek and engaged in the merchandising business. Charley is a good man and we hope he will meet with success.

GAY'S CREEK.

Mrs. Stephen York, of Lois, is very low with consumption.

Dr. A. W. Morris has returned from Hazard, where he had been on legal business.

Eva, the wife of Wm. Johnson, presented him with a 12-pound boy and the G. O. P. is one more strong for Fairbanks in 1908.

Laura, the wife of Lee Gay, of Buckhorn, who has been very low for the past two months, was taken to the Good Samaritan Hospital at Lexington.

Willie, the thirteen year old son of James Sandlin, while riding a broncho some days ago, was thrown by the unruly brute and his forearm was broken. Dr. Abshier attended him. He is getting along nicely.

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TO DELICATE WOMEN

You will never get well and strong, bright, happy, hearty and free from pain, until you build up your constitution with a nerve refreshing, blood-making tonic, like

Wine of Cardui

It Makes Pale Cheeks Pink

It is a pure, harmless, medicinal tonic, made from vegetable ingredients, which relieve female pain and distress, such as headache, backache, bowel ache, dizziness, chills, scanty or profuse menstruation, dragging down pains, etc.

It is a building, strength-making medicine for women, the only medicine that is certain to do you good. Try it.

Sold by every druggist in \$1.00 bottles.

WRITE US A LETTER

freely and frankly, in strictest confidence, telling us all your symptoms and troubles. We will send free advice (in plain sealed envelope), how to cure them. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

"For mine," writes Mrs. F. L. Jones, of Gallatin, Tenn.: "For since taking Cardui I have gained 35 lbs., and am in better health than for the past 9 years. I tell my husband that Cardui is worth its weight in gold to all suffering ladies."

YOU ARE FRIENDS

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Puzzle—it's big rule or merely a prospectus purveyor.

We guarantee satisfaction if you will let us take your measure and order your new fall clothes.

S. H. Stidham & Son, JACKSON, KY.

VISIT THE SINGER STORE

Before Buying Sewing-Machines by Mail

Prices are Good

Terms are Better

Machines the Best



You are assured of proper instruction, supplies and accessories

Get a Singer Guarantee

AT OUR NEW LOCATION, ON BROADWAY.

KENTUCKY'S BIG STATE FAIR

AT LEXINGTON.

September 18-23

6 BIG DAYS 6

IN PREMIUMS \$25,000 IN PREMIUMS

THE GREATEST DISPLAY OF LIVE STOCK
AND A

The Breathitt News.

Published Every Friday.

Local and Personal

Coca-Cola at Hadden's.

J. C. Hurst, of Boxer, was in Jackson Monday.

Go to G. D. Plummer for the best fresh meats.

John Martin, of Knott county, was in Jackson Tuesday.

Stop with Hart Bros., at Reed hotel when in Lexington.

There was quite a good crowd in town Monday and Tuesday.

Mize Landrum, of Clay Hole, was here on business Tuesday.

Grimm Bach will leave next week to enter school at Danville.

Miss Sue Williams has so far recovered from her attack of fever as to be able to be up again.

Henry B. Noble and wife returned Tuesday from a visit to relatives in Magoffin county.

A. S. Johnson has been appointed brandy ganger for this district, to go on duty September 1st.

Mrs. W. N. Cope left Saturday morning for Virginia to spend a few weeks visiting relatives.

Mrs. Smathers, of Woodford county, is visiting her granddaughter, Mrs. William Bolin.

Miss Corn Moore, who is teaching school at Noble, was visiting her parents from Friday till Sunday.

Green Shepherd, of Lambie, was here last week on business connected with his store at that place.

James Clemons and wife, of Clemons, were here Wednesday. Mrs. Clemons came to see the dentist.

Mrs. Thomas Hounshell, who lives near Robbins, killed seven copperhead snakes in their barn one day last week.

Misses Mand and Bessie Arnett, who have been the guests of Miss Jessie Patton for the past two weeks, returned Wednesday to their home at Salyersville.

Joe Firestein, who killed Ellis Wright at Caperton last spring and was given two years in the penitentiary, and pardoned by the governor, died at Beattyville last week.

Phone 5 for green tomatoes, green peppers, cucumber pickles, cabbage and onions for mixed pickles, Lima beans, whippoorwill peas, corn and pole beans.

When in need of a Mower, Reaper, Hay Rake, Sickle Grinder or any repairs for above named machines, call on or write Silas Flannery & Son, at Beattyville.

The Lees Collegiate Institute will begin on next Monday. By arrangement with the trustees the public school will be taught in connection with the institute this year.

Mrs. L. T. Bolin and daughters, Maggie and Rosy, and Miss Josie Collier returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit to friends at Maytown. They were met at Helechawa by Mrs. Linnie Carpenter and Miss Alpha Collier.

The memorial services held at the grave of Barna Back, on Quicksand, last Sunday, was largely attended. The services were conducted by Rev. James Davis, W. W. Caudill, J. M. Walters and A. C. Cooper. Solomon Back was baptized by immersion.

William Terry, Sr., of Turkey, was here Monday. He says corn crops are better in his neighborhood than for the past ten years. He also says the people in that part of the county are anxious for a change in the county administration they want a government by and for the people.

Thomas J. Bigstaff, of Mt. Sterling, was here the first of the week settling up the estate of his uncle, Ben B. Bigstaff, who was stricken with paralysis here last May and died in the hospital at Lexington. Uncle Ben left many reliques which will be deemed of great value by his many friends, but the good that has resulted and will result from his work in this county for the past fifteen years can never be estimated.

The Sick.

D. L. Roberts has recovered from attack of typhoid fever and came home last Friday. He was stricken while visiting at his father's, on Lost Creek.

Mrs. Linda Davis, who has been sick at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Casimler Back, on Quicksand for several weeks, is now much improved. She is over 80 years old.

Election Commissioners.

The following have been appointed as election commissioners for the ensuing year for the counties named below:

Breathitt—James Brophy and J. B. McLain.

Knott—J. C. Perkins and Vandy Collins.

Lee—Daniel Hall and Monroe McGuire.

Owsley—W. M. Bailey and Jno. Breeding.

Perry—A. M. Gross and W. O. Davis.

Wolfe—I. W. Combs and G. W. Lovelace.

Memorial Services.

The funeral services of Rebecca Caudill, daughter of James Caudill, will be conducted at the Steve Williams grave yard Sunday, October 1st, by Rev. A. Cooper and others.

The funeral services of Tinsley Holbrook will be conducted at the family graveyard, near Bays, on the second Sunday in October by Revs. A. C. Cooper, C. W. L. Pugh and others. Everybody invited to come.

157 WILLIE HOLLOWOOD.

The funeral of Hank Herald will be conducted at the J. M. Johnson graveyard, opposite the mouth of Pinehook Creek, on the second Sunday in September by Revs. Harvey Johnson, Ball and William Little. The grave of Thomas Little, who died May 19th, will be decorated. Everybody invited.

The funeral services of John C. Back and Oscar Back will be conducted at the graveyard, near L. D. Howard's on Quicksand, on the third Saturday and Sunday in September by Revs. R. L. Baker and William Caudill. Rev. Baker will also preach at the Seymour Chapel school house on said Saturday at four p. m.

Dogs of War Muzzled and Peace Reigns.

Terms of peace were agreed upon at Portsmouth Tuesday by the Russian and Japanese envoys, preliminary arrangements for an armistice were concluded and the actual work of framing a treaty of peace was turned over, by mutual agreement, to Mr. De Martens, the Russian lawyer, and Mr. Denison, the legal adviser of the Japanese Foreign Office. The treaty is expected to be completed by the end of the week. Japan made an agreement possible by yielding on the disputed points.

The articles relating to Russia's interned warships and the limitation of her sea power were withdrawn.

Japan agreed that only that part of the Chinese Eastern railroad south of Chantfu should be ceded to her, and an agreement was made whereby the Island of Sakhalin is practically neutralized, each country binding itself not to fortify its half of the island.

It was also decided to add a broad clause for mutual commercial privileges. The treaty will be a friendly document of such character as to indicate that the two countries have almost laid the foundation for a future alliance. There is, however, no evidence that any secret clauses are to be appended to the treaty.

Born to W. R. Landrum and wife, of Clay Hole, a girl, named Laurren.

Talbot Clay, of Paris, returned yesterday after several days visit to Dr. C. B. Dickson.

L. Parrott, of Robbins, came over Tuesday. While on his way he captured an owl, which he proposes to take home and tame.

The Heavilyville base ball club

played two games here last Friday and Saturday, winning one and losing the other. Both were good games.

A protracted meeting will be

held at the Christian church on

Frozen Sunday, September 3, and

end at the Flounshell school house

on Cane Creek. The meeting will

last about ten days and will be

conducted by Revs. Harry Thompson, John Mumey, W. P. Perry,

J. D. Jones and Tyree.

SENATORIAL CONVENTION

Meets in Jackson Today--List of Delegates and Resolutions.

The Republicans of Breathitt county met in convention in Jackson on the 26th day of August, 1905, for the purpose of selecting delegates to attend the Senatorial convention to be held in Jackson on Friday, September 1, 1905, to nominate a Republican candidate for Senator in the 34th Senatorial district of Kentucky.

The convention was called to order by Kelly Kash, acting chairman of the Republican county committee, who stated the purpose of the convention.

On motion of W. P. Hogg A. H. Patton was made chairman of the convention and A. C. Carpenter secretary.

On motion of H. C. Hurst, the committees were dispensed with, and the following resolutions were submitted, read and adopted:

Resolved, That the following named delegates be and the same are hereby selected to attend the Senatorial convention at the time and place set out in the call, at Jackson, Ky., September 1, 1905: J. B. McLain, H. C. Hurst, A. S. Johnson, M. S. Cain, T. P. Cardwell, Jr., W. P. Hogg, John E. Patrick, S. H. Hurst, Edward Murenn, R. B. Gardner, J. C. Hurst, William Haddix, James L. Little, A. H. Patton, R. A. Hurst, John C. Griffith, Kelly Kash, Henry Little, Hardin Childers, A. C. Carpenter, Wm. Moore, Flint Davis, Wm. E. Gambill, Joseph Caudill, Lewis Gross, Sanford Brown, D. D. Hurst, Ben Young, Daniel McIntosh, W. L. Everole, Thomas L. Sewell, J. P. Cain, Z. T. Hurst, J. W. Clark, Michael Robinson, Daniel Robinson, Ober Robert, Hiram Lawson, J. B. Flineham, John Lovelace, James Cope, Breck Flineham, T. P. Cardwell, Sr., John Arrowood, Ellish Clay and S. M. Noble.

Resolved, 2d, That these delegates be and they are hereby instructed to vote as a unit for what a majority of said delegates present shall consider for the best interests of first, the State of Kentucky, and, second, for the best interests of the Republican party.

Resolved 3d, That these resolutions and the proceedings of this convention be published in the Breathitt County News, Sun Sentinel, Mt. Sterling Gazette, Lexington Leader and Louisville Herald, A. H. PATTON, CLEM. A. C. CARPENTER, Sec.

Lees COLLEGiate INSTITUTE

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IN

General

Merchandise

AT

BLAKE'S.

THE NEW EVERETT



Never in the history of Pianoforte building has its equal ever been produced.

IN THE SHORT PERIOD OF SEVEN YEARS

THE NEW EVERETT

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with a tone full of richness and purity, from treble to bass, as clear and pure as the water from the rippling brook, a singing tone and carrying power unsurpassed and recognized as

THE MOST PERFECT EVER PRODUCED.

From every vibration of THE NEW EVERETT comes messages of sympathy and love that appeals to the very soul of man, and it today stands before the public as a LIVING TESTIMONIAL of

THE GREATEST WORK OF ART

the world has ever known.

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JACKSON, KY.

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SHELY & LITTLE, MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN MARBLE AND GRANITE Monuments and Tombstones.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Call or write for prices and save money by buying from us.

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BEST HOTEL IN THE CITY.
FREE BUS TO and FROM DEPOT.

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THE NEWS has added new

faces of type to its job department and is prepared to do printing of every description, the way it should be done, such as

LETTER HEADS,

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EBEN HOLDEN

By
IRVING BACHELIER

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CHAPTER XXVI.

MY regiment left New York by night in a line of torches and smoke. The effects were lined with crowds now hardened to the sound of rifle and drum and the pomp of military preparation. I had a very high and mighty feeling in me that were away in the discomfort of travel. For hours after the train started we sang and told stories and ate peanuts and jested and lauded at each other in a cloud of tobacco smoke. The train was sidetracked here and there and dragged along at a slow pace. Young men with no appreciation, as it seemed to me, of the sad business we were off upon went roistering up and down the aisles, drinking out of bottles and chattering around the train as it halted. These revelers grew quiet as the night wore on. The boys began to close their eyes and lie back for rest. Some lay in the aisle, their heads upon their knapsacks.

The air grew chilly, and soon I could hear them snoring all about me and the chatter of frogs in the near marshes. I closed my eyes and vainly courted sleep. A great sadness had laid hold of me. I had already given up my life for my country. I was only going away now to get as dear a price for it as possible in the idea of its enemies. When and where would it be taken? I wondered. The four had mostly gone out of me in days and nights of solemn thinking. The feeling I had, with its flavor of religion, is what has made the volunteer the mighty soldier he has ever been. I take it, since Nasby and Marion Moor, Marion is the great captain, and with a just quarrel it will warn its sword to the enemy, however he may be trained to thrust and parry.

In my dreams there was but one reservation—I hoped I should not be horribly cut with a sword or a bayonet. I had written a long letter, to Hope, who was yet at Lepelst. I wondered if she would care what became of me. Not a sense of comfort troubling her would show her that I was no coward with all my fitness. I had not been able to write to Uncle Eb or to my father or mother in any serious tone of my feeling in this enterprise. I had treated it as a kind of holiday, from which I should return shortly to visit them.

All about me seemed to be sleeping. Some of them were talking in their dreams. As it grew light one after another rose and stretched himself, rousing his sent companion. The train halted. A man shot musket voice in at the car door. It was loaded with the many syllables of "Annpolis June thirteenth." We were pouring out of the train shortly to live in for breakfast in the depot yard. So I began the life of a soldier, and how it ended with me, many have read in better books than this, but my story of it is here, and only here.

We went into camp there on the lonely flats of west Maryland for a day or two; as we supposed, but really for quite two weeks. In the long delay that followed my way traversed the dead levels of routine. When southward sympathy had ceased to wreak its wrath upon the railroads about Baltimore, we pushed on to Washington. There I got letters from Uncle Eb and Elizabeth Brower. The former I have now in my box of treasures, a torn and faded remnant of that dark period.

"Dear sir," said the always wrote me in this formal manner, "I take my pen in hand to let you know that we are all well, also that we were sorry you could not come home. They took on terrible. Hope, she wrote a letter. Said she had not heard from you, also that somebody wrote to her you was going to be married. You oughter write her a letter, Bill." Looks to me so you but used her right. She's comin home in July. Sowed corn to day in the garden. David is off lyin eatin. I hope God will take care my son, boy, so good by from yours truly."

"EBEN HOLDEN."

I wrote immediately to Uncle Eb and told him of the letters I had sent to Hope and of my effort to see her.

Late in May, after Virginia had succeeded, some 30,000 of us were sent over to the south side of the Potomac, where for weeks we toiled the flowery fields lining the shore with long intrenchments.

Meantime I wrote three letters to Mr. Greeley and had the satisfaction of seeing them in the Tribune. I took much interest in the camp drill, and before we crossed the river I had been raised to the rank of first lieutenant. Every day we were looking for the big army of Beauregard, camping below Centerville, some thirty miles south. Almost every night a nervous picked set the camp in uproar by challenging a phantom of his imagination. We were all impatient to be off and have it out with them. And the people were tired of delay. The cry of "to the boy!" was ringing all over the earth. They wanted to cut us loose and be through with dallying.

Well, one night the order came; we were to go south in the morning—20,000 of us—and put an end to the war. We did not get away until afternoon. It was the 16th of July. When we were off, horse and foot, so that I could see miles of the blue column before and behind me, I felt sorry for the instinctive south. On the evening of the 18th our campfires on either side of the pike at Centerville glowed like the lights of a city. We knew the enemy was near and began to feel a tightening of the nerves. I wrote a letter to the folks at home for postumous delivery and put it into my trousers pocket. A friend in my company called me aside after mess.

"Feel of that," he said, laying his hand in a full breast.

"Leathers!" he whispered significantly. "Balls can't go through 'em, ye know. Better'n a steel breastplate! What some?"

"Don't know but I do," said I.

We went into his tent, where he had a little sack full, and put a good wad of them between my two shirts.

"I hate the idea of being hit in the heart," he said. "That's too awful."

I nodded my assent.

"Shouldn't like t' have a ball in my lungs, either," he added. "Tain't necessary for a man t' die if he can only breathe. If a man gets his leg shot off an' don't lose his head an' keeps drawin' his breath right along smooth and even, I don't see why he can't live."

Taps sounded. We went asleep with our boots on, but nothing happened.

Three days and nights we waited. Some called it a farce; some swore; some talked of going home. I went about quietly, my bosom under its pad of feathers. The third day an order came from headquarters. We were to break camp at 1:30 in the morning and go down the pike after Beauregard. In the dead of the night the drums sounded. I rose, half asleep, and heard the long roll far and near. I shivered in the cold night air as I made ready; the boys about me buckled on knapsacks, shouldered their rifles and fell into line. Muffled in darkness there was an odd silence in the great caravan forming rapidly and waiting for the word to move. At each command to move forward I could hear only the rub of leather, the click, click of rifle rings, the strid of the stable, the snorting of horses. When we had marched an hour or so I could hear the faint rumble of wagons far in the rear. As I came high on a hilltop, in the bending column, the moonlight fell upon a tongue of bayonets shining above a cloud of dust in the valley, a splendid picture, casting around the train as it halted.

At dawn we passed a ledge and halted some three minutes for a bite. After a little march we left the turnpike, with Hunter's column bearing westward on a crossroad that led us into thick woods. As the sunlight sank in the high tree tops the first great battle of the war began. Away to the left of us a cannon shook the earth, hurling its loads into the still air. The sound rushed over us, rattling in the timber like a fall of rocks. Something went quivering in me. It seemed as if my vitals had gone into a big lump of jelly that trembled every step I took. We quickened our pace and fled.

The weariness went out of our legs; some wanted to run. Before and behind us men were shouting hotly, "Run, boys, run!"

The cannon roar was now continuous. We could feel the quake of it. When we came over a low ridge in the open we could see the smoke of battle in the valley. Flashes of fire and heads of smoke teemed out of the far thickets to the left of us as cannon roared. Going at double quick, we began tearing blankets and baversacks, tossing them into heaps along the line of march without halting. In hate an hour we stood waiting in battalions, the left flank of the enemy in front. We were to charge at a run. Halfway across the valley we were to break into companies and, advancing, spread into platoons and squads and at last into line or skirmishers, lying down for cover between rushes.

"Forward!" was the order, and we were off, cheering loudly, firing as we ran. Bullets went by me, hissing in my ears, and I kept trying to dodge them. We dropped again flat on our faces. I was shot, young man," he said, pointing to my left hand. Before he could turn I felt a rush of air and saw him fly into pieces, some of which hit me as I fell backward. I did not know what had happened; I knew not now more than that I have written. I remember feeling something under me, like a stick of wood, bearing hard upon my ribs. I tried to roll off it, but somehow it was tied to me and kept hurting. I put my hand over my hip and felt it there behind me—my own arm! The limb was like that of a dead man—cold and senseless. I pulled it from under me, and it lay helpless; it could not lift itself. I knew now that I, too, had become one of the bloody horrors of the battle.

I struggled to my feet, weak and trembling and sick with nausea. I must have been lying there a long time. The dring was now at distance. The sun had gone half down the sky. They were picking up the wounded in the near field. A man stood looking at me. "Good God!" he shouted and then ran away like one afraid. There was a great mass of men back of me some twenty rods. I staggered toward them, my knees quivering.

"I can never get there," I heard myself whisper.

I thought of my little flask of whisky and, pulling the cork with my teeth, drank the half of it. That steadied me, and I made better headway. I could hear the soldiers talking as I neared them.

"Look a there!" I heard many saying. "See 'em come! My God! Look at 'em on the hill there!"

The words went quickly from mouth to mouth. In a moment I could hear the murmur of thousands. I turned to see what they were looking at. Across the valley there was a long ridge and back of it the main position of the southern army. A gray host was pouring over it, thousand upon thousand, in dead order, debouching into the valley.

A big force of our men lay between us and them. As I looked I could see a mighty stir in it. Every man of them seemed to be jumping up in the air. From afar came the sound of bugles calling "retreat," the shouting of men, the rumbling of wagons. It grew louder. An officer rode by me hatted and halted, shading his eyes; then he rode back hurriedly.

"Hell has broke loose!" he shouted as he passed me.

The blue coated host was rushing toward us like a flood—artillery, cavalry, infantry, wagon train. There was a mighty uproar in the men behind me, a quick stir of feet. Terror spread over them like the traveling of fire. It shook their tongues. The crowd began crying at the edge and jamming at the center. Then it spread like a swarm of bees shaken off a bush.

"Halt! Run for your lives!" was a cry that rose to heaven.

"Halt, you cowards!" an officer shouted.

It was now just 3 o'clock.

The raw army had been on its feet since midday. For hours it had been fighting hunger, a pain in the legs, a quivering sickness at the stomach, a stubborn foe. It had turned the flank of Beauregard; victory was in sight. But lo, a new enemy was coming to the fray, unnumbered, unending, eager for battle! The long slope bristled with its bayonets. Our army looked and cursed and began letting go. The men near me were pinning on the brink of awful rout. In a moment they were off, pell-mell, like a flock of sheep. The earth shook under them. Officers rode around them, cursing, gesturing, threatening, but nothing could stop them. Half a dozen trees had stood in the center of the rioting mass. Now a few men clung to them—a remnant of the monster that had torn away.

But the greater host was now coming. The thunder of its many feet was near me; a cloud of dust hung over it. A squadron of cavalry came rushing by and broke into the fleeing mass. Heavy horses, cut free from artillery, came galloping after them, straps flying over fowling flanks. Two riders clung to the



We were grappling hip and thigh.

back of each, lashing with whip and rein. The roar of wagons came after them, wheels rattling, horses running, voices shrilling in a wild howl of terror. It makes me tremble even now, as I think of it, though it is muffled under the cover of nearly forty years! I saw they would go over me. Reeling as if drunk, I ran to save myself.

Zigzagging over the field, I came upon a gray bearded soldier lying in the grass and fell headlong. I struggled madly, but could not rise to my feet. I lay, my face upon the ground, weeping like a woman. Save I be lost in hell, I shall never know again the bitter pang of that moment. I thought of my country. I saw its splendid capital in ruins. Its people surrendered to God's enemies.

The rout of wagons had gone by. I could now hear the heavy tramp of thousands passing me, the shrill voices of terror. I worked to a sitting posture somehow. The effort nearly smothered me. A mass of cavalry was bearing down upon me. They were coming so thick I saw they would trample me into jelly. I took my hat and covered

what they meant. I thought it a trifling to my wrestling. Men lay thick there back of the guns—some dead, some calling faintly for help. The red puddles about them were covered with flies; ants were crawling over their faces. I felt a kind of sickness and turned away. What was left of my regiment formed in fours to join the advancing column. Horses were galloping riderless, reën and stirrup flying, some horribly wounded. One hobbled near me, a front leg gone at the knee. Shells were flying overhead; cannon balls were ricochetting over the level valley, throwing turf in the air, tossing the dead and wounded that lay there and helpless.

Some were crumpled like rag, as if the pain of death had withered them in their clothes; some swollen to the girth of horses; some hacked backward with arms outstretched like one trying an odd trick; some lay as if listening or, again, an ear close to the ground; some like a sleeper, their heads upon their arms; one shrieked loudly, gesturing with bloody hands, "Lord God Almighty, have mercy on me!"

I had come suddenly to a new world, where the lives of men were cheaper than blind puppies. I was a new sort of creature and reckless of what came, careless and heedless of what went over me. I could hear the beating of a drum. It rang in a great silence. I have never known the like of it. I could hear the fall and trickle of the rain, but it seemed only to deepen the silence. I felt the wet grass under my face and hands. Then I knew it was night and the battlefield where I had fallen. I was alive and might see another day, thank God! I felt something move under my feet. I heard a whisper at my shoulder.

"Thought you were dead long ago," it said.

"No, no," I answered; "I'm alive; I know I'm alive. This is the battle-field."

"Fraid I ain't goin' t' live," he said, "got a terrible wound. Wish it was mortal."

"Park long?" I asked.

"For hours," he answered. "Dunno how many."

He began to groan and utter short prayers.

"Oh, my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning!" I heard him cry in a loud, despairing voice.

Then there was a bit of silence, in which I could hear him whispering of his home and people.

Presently he began to shout:

"Guide me, O thou great Jehovah! Plead through this harren land. I am weak, but thou art mighty!"

His voice broke and trembled and sank into silence.

I had business of my own to look after—perhaps I had no time to lose—and I went about it calmly. I had no strength to move and began to feel the nearing of my time. The rain was falling faster. It chilled me to the marrow. I called to the man who had my side—again and again I called to him—but no answer. Then I knew that he was dead and I alone. Long after that in the far distance I heard a voice calling. It rang like a trumpet in the still air. It grew plainer as I listened. My own name! William Brower? It was certainly calling to me, and I answered with a feeble cry. In a moment I could hear the tramp of some one coming. He was sitting beside me presently, whoever he might be. I could not see him for the dark. His tongue went clicking as if he puffed me.

"Who are you?" I remember asking, but got no answer.

At first I was glad; then I began to feel a mighty horror of him.

In a moment he had pleked me up and was making off. The jolt of his step seemed to be breaking my arms at the shoulder. As I groaned he ran. I could see nothing in the darkness, but he went ahead, never stopping save for a moment now and then to rest. I wondered where he was taking me and to whom. I could not see him for the dark.

This was the last time I saw him. The noise of the battle was still reverberating in the body. The voice was that of the god of God! Then I heard a man hailing me from behind.

"Help, help!" I shouted faintly.

"Where are you?" came the answer, now further away. "Can't see you."

My mysterious helper was now running. My heels were dragging upon the ground; my hands were brushing the grass tops. I ground with pain.

"Halt! Who comes there?" a picket called.

It must be a giant, I thought, who can pick me up and carry me as I was no bigger than a house cat. That was what I was thinking when I awoke.

From then till I came to myself in the little church at Centerville I remembered nothing. Groaning men lay all about me; others stood between them with lanterns. A woman was bending over me. I felt the gentle touch of her hand upon my face and heard her speak so softly I cannot think of it even now without thanking God for good women. I clung to her hand, clinging with the energy of one drowning, while I suffered the merciful torture of the probe, the knife and the needle. And when it was all over and the lantern lights grew pale in the dawn I fell asleep.

Hut enough of blood and horror. Who is no holiday, my merry people, who know not the mighty blessing of peace. Counting the cost, let us have war if necessary, but peace, peace if possible.

It was now just 3 o'clock.

The raw army had been on its feet since midday. For hours it had been fighting hunger, a pain in the legs, a quivering sickness at the stomach, a stubborn foe. It had turned the flank of Beauregard; victory was in sight. But lo, a new enemy was coming to the fray, unnumbered, unending, eager for battle!

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The earth shook under them.

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RAILROAD TABLES

Lexington & Eastern Ry

LOCAL TIME TABLE.

Effective Mar. 21, 1895.

West Bound.

No. 1	No. 2

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